

And whiche answere shal I make
The bffher sayd, yemen what Wolde ye haue
I praye you tell me
Ye myght thus make offyctes shent
Good syss of whens be ye
Syr we be outlawes of the foest
Certayne withouten leace
And hyther we be come to our kyng
To get vs a charter of peace
And doham they came before our kyng
As it was the lawe of the lande
They tolde before without lettynge
And ech he helde by his hande
They sayd kyng we beseeche you here
that ye myght graunce vs gracie
For we haue done your fasse faulme dore
In many a sondry place
an what is your names than sayd our kyng
Anone that you tell me
They sayd, Adam bell, Clym of the clough
And William of Clowbedle
We ye chose theires than sayd our kyng
That men haue tolde of to me
Here to god I make a bowe
Ye shall be hanged all thre
We shall be ded without mercy
As I am kyng of this lande
Adam bell.

C.S.

But good lordē we bescche you nowe
That ye myll graunte us grace
In so muche as we be to you comen
Or elles that we may fro you passe
With suchē weapong as we haue here
Thyll we be out of your place
And if we iye this horred vere
We myll aske you no grace
Perchance proudly sayd the kyng
Ye shall be hanged all thre
That were great pity sayd the quene
Many grace myght be
O lordē no han I canie fynd in to this lande
To be your wedded wifre
The fynd bone that I wolde ake
Ye wolde graunte me blyfe
And I asked you never none tƿill nothe
Yet soþe good lordē graunce ic me
To weake it madame sayd the kyng
So graunted shall it be
O good lordē if you bescche
Ye perhuse graunte you me
I comen ye myght haue asked a bone
What sholdē haue ben boþe them thre
Ye myght haue asked couzins and couyns
Sisters and forfes plentie



That his lyfe saued myght be
And whan he made hym ready to shote
There was many a wepyng eye
Thus Chaucer clefte the apple in two.
That many a man it se
Wher goddes forbode sayd the kyng
That thou sholdest shote at me
I gyue the xvij. pens a dayne
And my bowe shalte thou bere
And ouer all the north countree
I make the chefe rydere
And I gyue the xiiij. pens a day sayd the que
By god and by my faye
Come seeche thy payement whan thou wylle
No man shall cap the nape
Wylliam I make the gentylman
Sif clothynge and of fee
And thy two bretchen yemmen of my chambry
For they are so semely to se
Yow come for he is tendre of age
Of my wifne seller shall he be
And whan he cometh to mannes state
Bettet and unced shall he be
And wylliam bringe me yow wifnes cappe
He longeth sore here to se
She shall be my chefe gentylwoman
And gouerne my nursey
The yemen thanked them full courtesly
And sayd to Rome streynghe wyll we wende

g they myght lyfe
er came and dwelled with the kyng
o good men all thre
ndeth the lyues of these good men
be them eternall blysse
hat with hande bowe shoteth
heuen they may never mysse.

A M E N.

ypnted at London in Fletestrete at
the of the Sonne, by me John
Spedell. In p yere of our lord god.
MCCCC. xxxij. The se-
conde daye of June.



John Spedell.

